THE ADVOCATE.

REFLECTIONS.

A stretch of water, motionless and gray,
Far as the eye can reach a boundless deep
Tinged by the leaden clouds that o'er it sweep,
Still, in the hush of the departing day;
In shadows wrapt, save where in bright array
The crimson banners of the sun outleap
The enfolding mists that ever upward creep,
And cast a track of glory o'er the way.
So am I, love, who give to you the whole
Of this slow brain to touch to life divine,
Of this dull heart to thrill to ecstasy,
The while the golden glory of your soul
Is flung athwart this somber life of mine,
Which only asks to mirror it for aye.
—Helen Martin in Drake's Magazine.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

He Has Very Much More Control Over the Army Than Over the Navy.

The president of the United States is made by the constitution commander-in-chief of the army and navy. Curiously enough, his control over the two branches of the service differs materially. So far as the navy is concerned he has comparatively little executive authority, but his power in army matters is very great.

For example, he might, if the senate did not object, take any fresh graduate from West Point, and make him the general of the army. In fact, with this condition granted, he can turn Gen. Schofield out of his place of command, drop him from the list altogether, and replace him with whomsoever he chooses. Indeed, more, implying no contradiction from the upper house in congress, he has the power to take any private in the army, and make him the general.

The law in this regard seems to be a curious one, inasmuch as no like power is vested in the president with regard to the navy. The president, however willing the senate might be, could not take a sailor in the service and make him an admiral. Neither could he promote a midshipman just out of Annapolis to such a position. Nor would it be possible for him to advance to the dignity even a captain, for it is only the senior commodore on the regular list who can legally become an admiral, and throughout the entire navy promotions must follow this invariable rule of seniority.

That is one advantage possessed by the navy over the army. A midshipman entering the service at a given age has the absolute and comforting assurance that, with reasonably good conduct, he must arrive at a certain time in the future, supposing that he survives, at a definite rank. If he is graduated with high rank in his class he may count upon being at the head of the service before he is retired, as if it were a mere matter of mathematical calculation.

On the other hand, after the grade of colonel has been reached, appointments are made by the choice of the president, only restricted by the senate's indorsement. Greely was made a brigadier general over the heads of a considerable number of those atop of him on the list. In like manner the chief executive turns things about as he desires beyond the rank of the colonels, though he usually picks out for preferment the [illegible] best qualified for comm[illegible] but it will be seen that the young soldier in the line has no certainty to anticipate such as is held by the junior naval lieutenant from the start.

It has been maintained in contention that has been carried as far as the supreme court that the president is granted authority by the constitution to appoint anybody to any place.—Washington Star.

Orthodox Hard to Find.

A Scotch elder, who did not believe that his own minister held strictly orthodox views, wished to have his babe baptized, but would not risk its spiritual welfare by having him perform the rite in any heterodox manner. So he walked to another town only to find the minister he sought was away fishing. The next one he was directed to had gone hunting. Filled with indignation he said to his companion:

"We'el gang to Maister Erskine. That godly man will no be fishing or hunting."

So he found the house, but as he approached it he heard the sound of music. When the servant lassie opened the door he remarked to her:

"Ye have company the night. I hear the fiddle going."

"Na, na," she answered, blushing, "Robin could na play like you, but the minister aye fiddles a bit afore he goes to bed."

The good man went away without making his errand known. No minister who played the fiddle could baptize his bairn, so he went back to his own, who neither fished, hunted nor played forbidden music, and let him name the child.—Detroit Free Press.

Cautious.

There is such a thing as being too cautious about taking cold.

Mr. Simmikins was in the room lately when Mr. Longbow, a gentleman from the Black Hills, began an account of an encounter w[illegible] once had with an unfriendly Indian.

Mr. Simmikins rose and prepared to go.

"Why do you go?" he was asked.

"I never read or listen to stories of adventure," said Mr. Simmikins.

"Why not?"

"Because they might make the cold chills run down my back, and in that case I should be likely to take cold, you know."—Youth's Companion.

Not Easily Disturbed.

Mrs. Sanso—I trust that we shall see a great deal of your friend when he comes to the city. My daughter will be back from Europe by the time he comes. She is a wonderful pianist, you know.

Mr. Rodd—Oh, my friend won't mind that. He is as deaf as a post.—Harper's Bazar.

Managing Mamma.

Smart Boy—Mamma, I want to go to sea.

Fond Mamma (with a jump)—What?

Smart Boy—I want to go to see—the minstrels this afternoon.

Fond Mamma (with a gasp of relief)—Very well, dear, I'll take you.

Courtship at Chintz Creek.

"Ketched yer, Mott, din' er?"
"Ketched who?"
"Mott McGar."
"Doin' wot?"
"Climmin' er tree."
"By gum, yer did, Teat! How's yer mar?"
"Right shearp peart on hustlin'."
"En yer par?"
"Right shearp peart en kickin'."
"Whoop! thet's bad 'cause"—
"'Cause— D'yer ever git lonesome, Teat?"
"Course, yer knows er do, Mott."
"I git lonesome, too, Teat."
"My, Mott!"
"I got er pony, en two ox teams, Teat."
"Is yer, Mott?"
"En er log house."
"Mercy, Mott!"
"En er tater patch."
"Oh, Mott!"
"En—en—I hain't got no gal, Teat."
"Yer knows I likes yer, Mott."
"Say, will yer, Teat?"
"Wot'll yer gimme? Gimme ther pony ef er do?"
"Gin yer everthink, Teat."
"Everthink yer got?"
"Yes."
"Um willin'."
"But yer par's kickin'."
"Let par kick. We'll jine, Mott. Mar's a-hustlin'."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Music of Chinese Speech.

There is in China not only an intimate association between music and poetical speech, but also between music and speech generally. The Chinese being a monosyllabic language, it depends to a great extent upon musical intonation to convey meaning. If you listen to the conversation of your Chinese laundrymen you will discover that their ordinary speech is almost as musical as the recitativo secco of the Italian opera.

Many words in the Chinese language take from three to six different meanings, according to intonation. These intonations, as Dr. S. Wells Williams forcibly urges, have "nothing to do either with accents or emphasis." They are distinctly musical, and it is much to be regretted that Dr. Williams was unable, for obvious want of the musical talent, to study them from a musical point of view, as it is all but impossible to convey a clear understanding of their nature by description.

There seem to be many variations, but generally there are four of these intonations, or shing, named and defined as follows: 1, ping shing, or "even tone;" 2, shang shing, or "rising tone;" 3, k'eu shing, or "declining tone," and 4, juh shing, or "entering tone."—H. E. Krehbiel in Century.

Red Pepper at a Church Social.

The small boy worked off a stock of fun at the parish social of Holy Innocents church, which was held at the rector's residence one evening. The boy in question was on hand early, and was demurely seated in a corner when his elders arrived. One by one, as they approached the amiable rector [illegible] seen so [illegible] attend the greetings of [illegible] frighten anybody no[illegible] they were seized with a violent sneezing and coughing. Finally the whole room was in an uproar. A general panic of influenza seemed imminent. It was only when a suppressed giggle from the corner was heard that suspicion pointed in that direction. The urchin was hastily summoned before a judge and jury, and, amid a burst of sobs and tears, that showed his pleasure to be at low ebb, he confessed to having sprinkled the floor with red pepper.

After a lengthy lecture from the pastor he was handed over to the members of the church who were present as a special subject for prayers.—Indianapolis News.

Air and Breathing.

Of the many sources of atmospheric impurity we mention four.

First—Normal breathing. The air which we inhale to oxygenate the blood is exhaled loaded with carbonic oxide. No harm results from this where there is a free circulation of air. But it is far otherwise in closed rooms and ill ventilated places of public gathering. In such places the oxygen is rapidly exhausted and its place is filled with noxious carbonic oxide.

Second—Exhalations from the surface of the body. It is this that makes the air of unventilated sleeping rooms so disagreeable, and that rendered the Black Hole of Calcutta, so fatal.

Third—Dusty occupations, such as those of coal heavers, black lead grinders, copper and iron filers, cotton spinners, etc.

Fourth—Noxious microbes. Though these are microscopic plants they are so small that they float in the air like the finest dust. They are now believed to be the cause of most epidemic diseases. They flourish in filth. They may enter the system through the lungs or through the stomach.—Youth's Companion.

Judge Virgin, of Maine.

Judge Virgin was an Oxford county boy, and for many years stood at the head of the Oxford bar. He was not only considered a smart lawyer, but as an athlete he had few equals. Like most men of practical common sense he always has discarded frills and useless formalities. While holding court at Paris he, in accordance with long established customs, was accosted at his hotel by the sheriff, who inquired if he wished to be escorted to the court room.

"No," bluntly replied the judge. "I know the way, and can lick any man in Oxford county and always could."—Lewiston Journal.

Browning Would Not Sell Poetry.

Browning is believed to have made £2,000 a year, but this he achieved only after many years of ceaseless production. His antipathy to writing for the magazines is well known, and no doubt helped greatly to limit his income. On one occasion an English magazine offered him a large sum for the privilege of publishing one of his poems. This he refused. The offer was then increased, but he still refused. Finally a blank check was sent to him with the request that he would fill it up to his own satisfaction, but even this failed to secure the poem.—London

WITHOUT THE KINK.

A Discovery That Produced a Sensation in Boston Colored Society.

The colored women of this city have learned that it is possible to take the kink out of their hair, and there is quite a sensation over the discovery. The rush to have crisp locks straightened is becoming general, although but few of those who have successfully been smoothed out are willing to admit that their hair was ever otherwise than straight and glossy. The fad as yet has not reached the male sex, and at the Sunday evening meeting of the A. M. E. church one of the deacons warned the sisters against their sinful pride in attempting to improve on the Lord's handiwork. He was followed by a sister, who said:

"If God had intended us to have straight hair he would have given it to us in the beginning. God never intended it, and I, for one, shall be content with what I've got. It's a sin before the Lord, and a vanity to have your hair straightened."

The idea was introduced by a young colored woman from Virginia. She herself has a glossy bang and black hair as straight as that of the late Sitting Bull. She says her own hair was formerly crisp and kinky, but that an old Canadian woman told her how to make it straight, and this information she is now imparting for a consideration. The customer is told first to wash her hair and come with it well dried. She does so, and then the operation begins.

A preparation that is amber colored and of the consistency of cream is taken from a large jar and rubbed thoroughly into the hair, and where it was entirely lusterless before it begins to assume a gloss. This is rubbed so thoroughly into the scalp that none of the hairs can fail to have received a portion. Then vigorous brushing is resorted to, and the short hair begins to lengthen.

If it were an inch long before, it is now fully two inches long, and if before it had been done up in what old fashioned southern people term "plaits," it is now ready to be rolled into a loose twist or a loose coil at the back. The operation takes about four hours and is permanent in its effects. It gives the colored woman a very Indian like appearance, and the few who will admit having been treated claim they did it merely to make the labor of combing their hair so much the easier. One of them said:

"One thing I know, and that is that it is terribly convenient to have straight hair. I never before realized what a blessing it was. Before I dreaded the task of combing it, and now I don't mind it at all."—Boston Globe.

Funny Things at a Theatre Door.

All the funny things don't happen on the stage. Lots of them occur at the door. The other night two young people presented themselves at the door for admittance. The man at the door asked for their tickets, when one of them said, "We want to see the show before we give up our tickets." This was a new one on me, and I undertook to explain to them that they couldn't see the show unless they gave up their tickets first. Then the one who had made the break said: "We are strangers from the country. Ma said to us when we were leaving that Chicago was a great place for country people to get swindled, and for us not to pay for anything that we didn't get first, and we ain't got the show yet."

I undertook to explain to them that they had disregarded their mamma's advice in buying the tickets, but they couldn't see that, and as they persisted in seeing the show before they gave up their tickets I had to refund them their money.—Interview in Chicago Tribune.

Still the Old Books Hold Their Own.

"Did you ever ponder over the unstable fancy of the average fiction reader?" inquired a prominent Washington bookseller recently. "It is certainly astonishing how a book, by some trick of style or singularity of plot, will suddenly leap into the pinnacle of popularity, and after holding the position for a few months it will sink into obscurity just as suddenly as it became famous. The book which had the greatest run in its day from my counters was 'Lorna Doone.' For a long time everybody who came into the store wanted it, and I could not begin to supply the demand. Nowadays nobody seems to want it, and I seldom sell a copy, but the youthful contingent of the novel readers still cling to the older romances, such as 'Monte Cristo,' 'The Three Guardsmen' and books of that stamp. I sell a copy of Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables' every ten days regularly."—Washington Post.

The Leading Sects.

To what sects do Yale and Princeton colleges belong? What is the leading sect in the United States?

Yale is Congregationalist and Princeton non-sectarian. The Protestant sect which stands first in point of numbers in this country is the Methodist, which, according to the latest figures, has about 4,700,000 members. Of course the Roman Catholic denomination is much larger than the Methodist, being credited with from 9,000,000 to 10,000,000 communicants in this country.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Weird Mountain Scene.

A Montana prospector, while traveling along a mountain bridle path, was attacked by an elk. The animal first engaged his pack horse, and getting his antlers under him tossed him off the path and down a precipice 300 feet deep. He then attacked the miner, who shot him dead. His carcass was found at the bottom of the gorge, not twenty feet from the horse. Both were mashed into a pulp.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Monstrous Hog.

One of the largest hogs in America, if not in fact the largest in the world, was reared by a Junction City (Kan.) man. The length was 9 feet and 9 inches; girth of neck, 6 1-2 feet; girth of center of body, 8 feet; width across the hips, 30 inches; weight, 1,532 pounds.—St. Louis Republic.

A Shark Tries to Eat a Model Yacht.

"Speaking of the peculiarities of sharks," remarked Rev. Dr. Luther, "when I was staying at Ocean Beach, Conn., I witnessed a most remarkable occurrence. The Connecticut Model Yacht club were sailing a race on the Sound, and the custom there is to follow the models in rowboats. The models are from 4 to 5 feet long, carrying from 40 to 50 pounds of lead on their keels, with sail spread in proportion. Of course in a strong breeze it requires a powerfully manned boat to keep up with them.

"Well, on the occasion referred to, the Rev. Dr. Pullman's boat was leading, and we were following along her lee in a regular double banked yawl, having all we knew to keep near her in the short, choppy seas. Suddenly some one called out, 'Look at that big fish!' Sure enough the head of an enormous shark appeared out of the water astern of the little craft.

"The shark actually snapped at the boat four times in spite of all our shouting and splashing with oars to frighten him away. Every time he just missed her stern by about six inches, as the fish did not make sufficient allowance for the speed of the model. The supposition was that the boat being painted white attracted the tiger of the sea, and perhaps he thought it was some sort of bird skipping over the water. I was told it was not the first time that the boats had been followed by a shark, but none had ever attempted to make a meal of one before."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

He was a large, fat person, who came running out of a side street and landed on the platform of a Fourth avenue car all out of breath. He had just settled himself comfortably against the brake rod when he apparently remembered something, jumped off the car, and hurried back up the avenue.

"That gives me a pain," said the conductor.

"What was the harm?" ventured a man standing on the platform.

"Well, no harm," replied the conductor, "but it wasn't fare, see?"—New York Times.

Alabama's Capitals.

When Alabama was a territory its capital was at St. Stephens, in Washington county. The convention that framed the constitution under which it was admitted into the Union was held in Huntsville, where the first legislature met in October, 1819, and the first governor was inaugurated. Cahaba became the seat of government in 1820. In 1825 the capital was removed to Tuscaloosa, and in 1846 it was again removed, this time to Montgomery.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

An early Greek writer on arithmetic says that "Agamemnon was so ignorant of the names of numbers as not to know that he had two feet." This statement was, no doubt, too strong, but it is clear that the idea of number came slowly to the Greek mind as compared with the idea of form.

Amber comes from the shores of the Baltic sea. It is fossilized gum, and, as it is only found in that one small locality, it is very expensive. It usually comes in 10 and 20 pound bags, although sometimes we get it in smaller ones.

In Justice Brown's bedroom in his Detroit home stands two fifteen pound dumbbells, which he has been accustomed to use every morning. A pair of scales near by are used daily to tell the justice of any variation in his weight.

The national powder mill at St. Medard-en-Jalle, in France, has recently been lighted by incandescent lamps, and is believed to be the first mill of its class on the Continent to use electric lighting.

A Good Time A-Coming.

Men strive for earthly advancement. The poor boy, with scarce a shoe to keep the soles of his feet from contact with the rugged soil, looks forward to the day when he shall sit, enthroned as it were, in the senate of his country; he strives and he strives, and reaches the point; but once there, is he content? No. There is a craving for greater honors—for further advancement. The monarch is restless under the burden of his supreme authority. He sighs for something else—he knows not what. No individual is satisfied with the present; we all regard the future as that which contains increased enjoyment, as that which embodies perfect happiness.

It is so when we reach the bed of death. The vilest of the human race feel, when the time for dissolution arrives, that there is yet something to crave—something to indicate and exemplify progress. It is the spread of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul to which may be attributed the grand results of what is termed "the grand and buoying reliance upon the future"—upon something brilliant yet to be achieved—that proves beyond a mortal doubt that this life is but the inception and the precursor of a longer and better one, in which there are no taxes, no bill collectors, no tight shoes, no boodle aldermen—nothing, in fact, except unalloyed happiness.—Texas Siftings.

A Part That Didn't Need Treatment.

"I should like to contribute my tale," said a coffin drummer. "I used to be an undertaker in Cincinnati. One day a German came in with crape around his hat and a woe begone expression upon his face. 'You vos der undertaker?' he asked. I admitted the imputation. 'Mein bruder have yust died, and I would like to send him to his home in New York. Vot vos der besht way to ship him?'

"'You'd better freeze the body and send it on ice,' I suggested.

"'Vot you sharge for freezin' my brudder?'

"'Twelve dollars,' I replied.

"'Twelve dollars! Don't that was a goot deal? Couldn't you done it for ten?'

"I replied that twelve was the lowest price.

"'Well,' replied the German, wiping away a tear, 'I gif you $10 to freeze poor Fritz aber you just freeze him to der feet. Dey don't need it, for dey was been frostbitten last winter anyhow.'"—Exchange.

There is in one of the big dry goods stores a weighing machine which is similar in outward appearance to a nickel-in-the-slot machine, but which works without the preliminary dropping in of a nickel. It was the means the other day of calling attention to a very honest old lady. She had her arms full of packages, and she held them all while being weighed, evidently fearing to lay them down lest some one should walk away with them. When the weighing process was over she laid them all down, however, fished out a nickel from her pocketbook, and then began a vain search for the slot into which to drop it. She looked the machine all over, in front, in back, on the sides and on top, and even when her closest scrutiny failed to discover the slot, she did not grasp the idea that the machine was a free laborer, but laid the nickel on its top and walked away, apparently in the hope that the next person who came along might know how to feed the money to the machine and drop it in for her.—New York Times.

Every year a layer of the entire sea fourteen feet in thickness is taken up into the clouds. The winds bear this burden out over the land, where the water falls as rain and flows back, to be again taken up.

THE PORT OF PLEASANT DREAMS.

I sailed in the good bark Fancy
Down the still, deep river of Sleep,
From the lands of bleak December
To a port that the sunbeams keep;
While the glad winds followed after,
And sang with a happy zest,
And I heard them croon o'er the infant moon
As it lay on the night's broad breast.

And the port of the good bark Fancy,
A port that the sunbeams keep,
Is called Pleasant Dreams; like an opal it gleams
O'er the strange, dark river of Sleep.
There, flushed with the wine of laughter,
The voyager sings queer songs,
And, borne in a car of the sunset,
Rides oft with the elfin throngs
Up, up through the rosy Cloudland,
Where the round little mist men stay,
To the stars abloom in the cool, soft gloom
Of gardens far away.

There are none too poor for a voyage
To this port that is centuries old;
Where hunger o'er finds a banquet,
And poverty revels in gold;
Where, robed in the garb of morning,
The earth in new beauty glows,
And the amulet of the summer
Is worn on the heart of the rose.

Oft from the fields of sorrow,
To the brink of the river of Sleep,
Wan toilers come, and, restful,
They sail on its watery deep;
Till clear through the gates of Sundown
The post, like a beacon, beams,
And Love, sweet mariner, anchors
In the port of Pleasant Dreams.
—Ingram Crockett in Frank Leslie's Illustrated.

His Call Answered.

Mr. Balfour's predecessors as lord rectors of Glasgow university have all been distinguished men. Lord Beaconsfield (when Mr. Disraeli) held the office for two terms. On the Sunday after the day on which the rectorial address was delivered he attended the university chapel. It was a gloomy November day, and the chapel was becoming very dark, when the principal (Dr. Caird), the most famous preacher in Scotland, came to a passage where he called out in the most impassioned tones:

"Light! more light! was the cry of the dying teacher"— when, lo! the whole building burst into splendor. The bedellus had, just previously, gone out to turn up the gas. Even Disraeli's usually impassive countenance bore its smile.—London Tit-Bits.

The Parks of London.

Who knows or ever could think of the fondness of the London people for swimming or bathing, or of the means they have for enjoying their baths? In one of the great parks in the heart of London an ornamental sheet of water, more unsecluded than the lake in Central park, is made all but alive with bathers between 5 o'clock, or earlier in the morning, and 8 o'clock a. m. As many as 20,000 men and boys have been known to bathe in that pond in one day. That is the same park, by the way, wherein, if you should go on a summer night, you would see the sward literally dotted, peppered with the black forms of sleeping men—homeless and unemployed, or luxurious men, who prefer the grass to crowded tenement quarters. There is no too nice objection to this by the law or its blue clad myrmidons.—Julian Ralph in Harper's Weekly.

An Essex Wizard.

It would appear that superstition has not entirely died out in Essex. In the village of Sible Hedingham lives an old laborer who is popularly supposed to be a wizard. Recently he told a man in charge of a load of straw that he would not get far with it, and a little farther on the horse, an old one, fell, and was so injured that it had to be killed on the spot. The men called upon to assist were so convinced the horse had been placed under the influence of the wizard that they refused to move the carcass until a slice of flesh had been cut from the hind quarter of the animal and burned in a bush faggot, the idea being that the person who cast the spell would suffer burning in a corresponding part of his body.—London Standard.

EVILS OF EXAGGERATION.

It Is a Serious Fault That Many People Have in Their Conversation.

One of the common vices in ordinary conversation, as well as in written speech, is the habit of making a recklessly exaggerated statement of facts or circumstances. Its long affiliation with coarse and cheap humor has given it a currency among us beyond its deserts—if any merit it really has. There is so much to be said against it—as a stale device of provincial buffoonery or coarse waggery—while there is so little to recommend it, except perhaps as a wand in the hand of a genius like Rabelais—one is inclined to wonder that it has not been long ago banished utterly, at the least from all well bred intercourse.

First, to practice it without specific design or as a vehicle for humor, usually betrays a frivolous disposition, an irregular imagination or a slovenly inattention to important details. Next, it indicates an almost reckless disregard of moral accuracy and a carelessness of the effect of language upon another, which, to say the least, are by no means respectful to one's auditors. A[illegible] although it may not even [illegible] notion of a willful perversion [illegible] fact or any intent harmfully [illegible] another, yet it insensibly be[illegible] accustomed to hear this sort [illegible] habit of hearers of paying but little attention to such a speaker's statements.

It dissociates all seriousness from what he may say, and finally they regard him as a common laugher, whose speech does not deserve ordinary notice. Moreover it produces a bewildering effect upon the general listener, which is quite incompatible either with a serious interest in or a care to remember what is thus said, and in the end is likely to cheat the speaker of more than half his due because of his common discredit as a narrator or reporter.

Perhaps it is sometimes not inexcusable in an earnest advocate or a real humorist, whose reputation for good sense is unclouded, who seeks to produce an immediate effect, and is not supposed to be limited by an obligation to speak with an impartial accuracy. Nevertheless its habitual [illegible] tends in most cases to destroy [illegible] capability for judicial impartia[illegible] where such a faculty exists—prec[illegible] as a contrary habit of conscient[illegible] accuracy of statement usually ru[illegible] with fairness of judgment.

When Rufus Choate, who habitually reveled in hyperbole, was asked to accept a judicial office, he declined emphatically, saying truthfully, "It would destroy my powers of exaggeration."—Home Journal.

Rediscovered and Reinvented.

Some of the processes used in ancient times have been lost, or are not clearly understood, but we can produce like or better results by different and less laborious means. Many of the useful and elegant arts, which have long been held as indispensable to our modern comfort and civilization, were not unknown to the ancients, but we may be said to have invented them, as we knew not how they were produced formerly. In plain words then, we have rediscovered and reinvented very largely. Laborers' tools, implements of agriculture and manufacture and the weapons of war have been used from the earliest times. We have improved upon them all.—Thomas J. Bowditch in Troy Times.

Since the close of 1887, according to the estimates of leading New York bankers who are connected with British financial institutions, English capitalists have invested between $300,000,000 and $375,000,000 in the United States.